Northern Messenger

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J. Wm Brouscombe.0

To Sunday-Schools Taking the 'Messenger.'

IMPORTANT.

It has just come to our knowledge that some Sunday-schools, particularly those in Montreal and suburbs, are giving out the 'Messengers' as soon as received, quite in advance of the date on the paper. This is a pity, for in case of special numbers, the point is lost when given out so long ahead. Moreover, in such cases the S.S. Lesson is apt to be disregarded, as it is not for the next Sunday.

The paper is intended for distribution on the Sunday following the date it bears. The S.S. Lesson then becomes of special importance, as the next one to be studied. We print ahead of the date so as to allow plenty of time for the 'Messengers' to reach schools in country districts, and on the other side of the Dominion.

It would be a good time just now to omit one Sunday's distribution, and hold the papers over, so as to follow the plan intended. The Special Christmas Number, which will be dated Dec. 23, will then be given out in all the schools on Christmas Day, and the subsequent numbers will naturally fall into line. Will school secretaries kindly take note of this?

Little Mothers of Japan.

It is quite common in these days to read what outsiders have to say of Japanese women, but it is not often that we see an article along such lines from the pen of a Japanese writer. The 'Tribune Magazine' gives an article under the above title by a Japanese lady, Annie Kiyokichi Sano, in which we have a rosy picture of the social and home life of her countrywomen. We give in condensed form that part of the article which bears on the training of the boys:

The admiration of the whole world lately has been won by the sailors of Japan. The loyalty, the devotion, the fearlessness of death shown by the thousands of volunteers for Admiral Togo's fire-ships have surprised all other nations. As a woman, and a Japanese woman, I feel that the world ought to know, as the Emperor himself well knows, that the credit for the training of such soldiers is due mainly to the little mothers of Japan.

The Japanese home life, the peculiar ideals which animate the people, are little understood by other nations, and perhaps an idea of them can be conveyed best by a simple review of the early years, and their influences upon the Japanese boy. In all homes they are the same. Their result in the making of the Japanese man will be understood clearly.

In the early training of his children—until in fact the boy is thirteen—the husband and father takes no part whatever. This duty is left entirely and without interference to the wife and mother. The dominant idea of the Japanese nation, an idea penetrating to the minutest ordinances of the life in every home, is that every man is a soldier of the Emperor.

Just as soon as the little 'akan-bo' (baby) begins to talk, the first lesson which is impressed upon his mind is his duty and his obligation to the Emperor. He is taught that the Emperor is the one great ruler of all Japan and the ruling head of every Japanese

home and family. In the kindergarten the teacher will give him a plum, and say:

'And what are you going to do with the plum?'

'I am going to give it to Tenshi-Sama' (the Emperor), he will answer.

'What will you do for the Emperor when he needs you?' the mother will ask.

'I will die for Tenshi-Sama.'

To die for Tenshi-Sama! When it is understood that this is the first idea impressed upon the Japanese baby boy, and the primary idea in all his subsequent training, the characteristic quality of the Japanese soldier may be understood.

Along with the mental comes the physical training. Her little boy must be taught early to endure cold, hardship and hunger. Winter in Japan is severe, as cold as in New England. During the daytime the windows of paper offer little protection from the cold, though at night when the thick, wooden screens of the 'jensaki' (porch) are drawn, and the 'hibachis' (charcoal stoves) are burning, it is somewhat better. The little boy is allowed no stockings, wearing only a pair of wooden sandals. The little mother tells him that when he grows up and goes to war he will have to manage without comfort and warmth, and that the sooner he gets used to it the better. He readily assents—he already understands—but the way in which he runs about the house and rubs his little fingers together and tries to keep his shivering little body warm would move a foreign mother's heart beyond bounds.

So, too, with his food. He is allowed little. On his tiny, lacquered tray, at dinner, is a small bowl of rice. When he and his mother kneel down to eat she tells him: 'When you go to war you will have little rice to eat, and little time to eat anything at all; so, as you are a little Samurai soldier and a brave boy, you must be strong, and get used to this hard life early. Then you will be ready when the time comes,' and she adds decisively: 'You must be very strong if you wish to be a soldier.' Thus urged, he gobbles up his little dish of rice quickly, with two long, slender chopsticks, and his mother says: 'Very well.' With this praise he is content. Whatever his wistful little eyes may say as he looks at the empty dish, his lips say nothing. He is too proud to admit his hunger, and pride forms the basis of the Japanese home training.

Even as a baby he is taught to be methodical, an essential part of a soldier's training. His clothes when taken off, are always folded in a certain way, and laid in a certain place. He can find them in the dark if necessary. This, in a country scourged by flood, by earthquake and by fire, is a natural domestic precaution; but outside of this it inculcates order and system.

Somewhat strange to foreign minds appears the way in which the duty of revenge is taught. This feeling that to harbor a desire for revenge is just, that vengeance is a duty, that the injured man who does not claim it stains his honor, is a vital and active principle in the national nature. The present Japanese attitude toward Russia, the feeling which prevails from the Emperor down to the vegetable-seller, thus may be understood. The boy is taught from his earliest years to avenge injury. If he hurts his finger on a nail the little mother will pound the nail hard and say: 'There! I have avenged you,' and the little man is appeased. And when, in the present terrible war, our nation is victorious, let the world know that our devoted soldiers received their first training from the lips of the little mothers of Japan.

Trust and Wait.

Art thou sore distressed and weary?
Trust and wait.
Does the way seem long and dreary?
Trust and wait.
Still unseen, One's close behind thee,
Who will let no harm betide thee
Through all ill He'll safely guide thee,
Trust and wait.

Is thy dearest treasure taken?
Trust and wait.
Sad thy heart, but not forsaken,
Trust and wait.
All in love the blow was given,
But to mold the heart that's riven
For a sweeter rest in heaven,
Trust and wait.

Do thy friends misapprehend thee?
Trust and wait.
Do thine enemies offend thee?
Trust and wait.
Give thou love for hate full measure,
Hearts are God's to mold at pleasure,
He will give thee richer treasure,
Trust and wait.

Are thy cherished hopes defeated?
Trust and wait.
Is thy work still uncompleted?
Trust and wait.
Fret not at thy poor endeavor,
All to God commit forever,
He will disappoint thee—never.
Trust and wait.

Holding Father's Hand.

A recent writer tells this story:

The patter of little feet on my office floor, and a glad voice exclaiming, 'Father, I'se come to 'scort you home!' made known to me the presence of my six-year-old darling, who often came at that hour 'to take me home,' as she said.

Soon we were hand-in-hand in the homeward way.

'Now, father, let's play I am a poor little blind girl, and you must let me hold your hand tight, and you lead me along and tell me where to step, and how to go.'

So the merry blue eyes were shut tight, and we began.

'Now step up, now down,' and so on, till we safely arrived, and the darling was nestling in my arms, saying gleefully:

'Wasn't it nice, father; I never peeped once?'

'But,' said mother, 'didn't you feel afraid you'd fall, dear?'

With a look of trusting love came the answer:

'Oh, no, mother; I had a tight hold of father's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places.'

Have we a tight hold on our Heavenly Father's hand, and a firm trust in his love?—'Religious Intelligencer.'

What a Word Did.

I was born in a poor man's home on the coast of Cornwall, Eng. When nine years of age I was sent into a ship-building yard to work for my living. My surroundings were of the sinful kind. Soon my young life drank in these influences. I drifted along up to the age of seventeen. At that time I used to go out after supper with young men of my age, and spend the evenings on the streets in some kind of street pleasure. I was out on this mission one evening, and a party of us was standing by a store window, when a party of Christians came by, going home from their prayer meeting. When they reached us they stopped for some reason I do not know. One of the party—an old man—came up to me, and putting his hand on my shoulder, and calling me by name, said, 'I don't know why, but I always pray for you.' When he had said this he lifted his hand, and the prayer-meeting crowd passed down the street. I looked after them out into the darkness, saying, 'I wonder why that old fellow prays for me?'

The work was done. Conviction for sin followed. A desire to be saved entered my life, and two weeks after that I found Christ. The old man is in heaven long ago. I am here, doing what I can to make the world better.

Only a word—that was all. But as a result of that word, thousands will be in heaven, for the old man started forces at work that evening that will never stop—no, never! —The Rev. Robert Stephens.

Postal Crusade.

In a letter lately received, $5.00 was enclosed for the Crusade from a reader of the 'Northern Messenger'; $3.00 of this went to an orphan boy in India; $2.00 to literature for India. Will the anonymous giver receive our grateful thanks.

'A Lover of Missions, Valleyfield,' has contributed $40.00 towards a native preacher in Cocanada, India. 'A Friend of Missions,' $15 towards a Bible Woman's support. Numerous gifts have been received and acknowledged with thanks. The situation as regards the 'Messenger,' 'Witness,' and 'World Wide' is this:

On Jan. 1, 1905, a long list of subscriptions for India fall due. The postage is heavy, and the rate on the 'Northern Messenger' has been slightly raised. What are we to do?

Shall we continue this work of being literary missionaries to India?

Wherever she goes, Miss Dunhill testifies to the great good the papers are doing in her native land.

Are we to continue sending them? If so, $400.00 will be required. A great many gifts in small amounts from the thousands of readers of this paper will keep the subscriptions paid up, and bring a rich blessing to India. Kindly send your offerings very soon to the 'Witness' office. The King's business requires despatch. Faithfully,

M. EDWARDS-COLE.

(All gifts in answer to this appeal, whether for 'Messenger,' 'World Wide' or 'Witness' will be acknowledged through these columns. To avoid any mistake, please state clearly that they are for 'Postal Crusade' work.—Editor.)

Everlasting Patience.

It is said that the venerable Robert Moffatt, of South African fame, father-in-law to David Livingstone, once remarked in the hearing of a young friend that there were three qualifications a foreign missionary should possess. He was asked by the young man what the first qualification was. Moffatt replied 'Patience.' Thinking this a very ordinary virtue, the young man requested the second qualification, to which Moffatt replied, 'Patience.' Seeking to evade the point of the old missionary's remark, and evidently underestimating its value, yet not desiring to be disrespectful, he asked for the third qualification, to which the veteran missionary answered, 'Everlasting patience.'

Patience and plod were the secrets by which the old pioneers laid the foundation of the modern missionary movement.

Shall we be considered out of date when we suggest that these are still prime qualifications for missionary effort? We need the dashing energy, the quick intellect, the readymind, but we must look eagerly, too, for evidence of staying power, for the same 'everlasting patience' which alone can hold its own against the obstacles that beset the missionary's path to-day no less than in the days of the honored leaders of that great army.

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

COUPON.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers 'World Wide,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,
Please send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge for one month, to

Name _____

Address _____

_____

'World Wide' has been recommended to me by

Rev., Dr., Mr., Mrs. or Miss

_____

_____

who knows 'World Wide' by reputation or is a subscriber.

The following are the contents of the issue of Dec. 3, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Canada with the United States or with England—Fos on Reciprocity—The Boston 'Herald.'
'American Reciprocityists'—The Foss Flurry—The 'Evening Star,' Washington.
Australian Governors—No More Imperial Appointments—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
International Arbitration—Extract from an Article by Sir Robert Finlay, in the 'North American Review.'
The Sale of the 'Standard'—The 'Spectator,' London; the 'Speaker,' London.
The Battle of the Standard—G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
The French Army Scandals—'Lettres des Caciques'—New style—From a Correspondent of the Manchester 'Guardian.'
Civilizing Uganda—The 'Daily News,' London.
Reunited to the World—The East Greenlanders—The 'Sun,' New York.
Plum Pudding for the Alaska—The 'Daily Telegraph, London.
General Kuropatkin—By Sven Hedin, in the 'Times,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Mr. LaFarge's 'Sioux'—Mural Painting Exhibited at the National Arts Club—By M., in the New York 'Evening Post.'
A Poet Praises a Painter's Work—By Henri Pene du Bois, in the New York 'American.'
Americans Sentimental, says Sir Charles Wyndham—The New York 'Times.'
Mr. Paxton's Binocularity—The Springfield 'Republican.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Welcome to Winter—By Thomas Campion.
The Old Stoic—By Emily Pronto.
On His Blindness—By Milton.
Parable and Romance—Mr. Hall Caine's Version of an Age-Old Story—By Arthur Waugh, in the 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
Hall Caine and Rossetti—'The Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Popular Novel—By R.A.S.J., in the 'Daily News,' London.
Two Russian Books About the Jews—By Sophie Witte—Translated by Herman Bernstein, in the New York 'Evening Post.'
'Hymns Ancient and Modern' Revised—The 'Spectator,' London.
Ernest Thompson Seton—Animal Biographer—By M. E. S., in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Thompson Seton in Birmingham—Stories of Wild Animals—The Birmingham 'Post.'
The Rarest of American Books—The First Edition of the New England Primer—The New York 'Sun.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

English Schoolmasters—The 'Standard,' London.
Do Public Schools Make Moral Dyspeptics?—By Randolph Guggenheimer, formerly Member of the New York Board of Education, in the New York 'World.'
Can We Go Without Sleep?—The New York 'Times.'
'On the Road to Mandalay'—Opening of the New Electric Railway—The 'Electrical World and Engineer.'
The Highest Mountain in the World'—The 'Sun,' New York.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Steady.

A rush is good in its place, lad,
But not at the start, I say;
For life's a very long race, lad,
And never was won that way.
It's the stay that tells, the stay, boy,
And the heart that never says die;
A spurt may do with the goal in view,
But steady's the word, say I.
Steady's the word that wins, lad,
Grit and sturdy grain;
It's sticking to it will carry you through it,
Roll up your sleeves again.

Oh, Snap is a very good cur, lad,
To frighten the tramps, I trow,
But Holdfast sticks like a burr, lad—
Brave Holdfast never lets go.
And Clever's a pretty nag, boy,
But stumbles and shies, they say;
So Steady I count the safer mount
To carry you all the way.

The iron bar will smile, lad,
At straining muscle and thew;
But the patient teeth of the file, lad,
I warrant will gnaw it through.
A snap may come at the end, boy,
And a bout of might and main;
But Steady and Stick must do the trick
Roll up your sleeves again.

—'League Journal.'

Somebody Loves Me.

Two or three years ago the superintendent of the 'Little Wanderers' Home,' in a large city, received a request from the magistrate that he would come up to the court-house. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, dirty, ragged, and forlorn, beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The magistrate, pointing to them—utterly friendless and homeless—said. 'Mr. T., can you take any of them?'

'Certainly; I can take them all,' was Mr. T.'s prompt reply.

'Ah! what in the world can you do with all of them?' asked the magistrate.

'I'll make women of them.'

The magistrate singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again. 'What can you do with that one?'

'I'll make a woman of her!' Mr. T. replied, firmly and hopefully.

They were washed and supplied with good suppers and beds. The next morning they went into the schoolroom with the other children. Mary was the little girl whose chance for better things the magistrate thought small. During the forenoon, the teacher said to Mr. T., in reference to her:

'I never saw a child like that. I have tried for an hour to get a smile, but failed.'

Mr. T. said, afterwards, himself, that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression—yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.

After school he called her into his office, and said pleasantly:

'Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl that would wait on me, and sit on my knee, and I loved her much. A kind gentleman and lady have adopted her, and I would like for you to take her place, and be my pet now. Will you?'

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face as she began to understand him. He gave her a penny and told her she might go to a shop and get some sweets. While she was out, he took two or three newspapers, tore them into pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned in a few minutes, he said to her:

'Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me; pick up those papers, and make it look nice?'

She went to work with a will. A little more of this sort of management—in fact, treating her as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the schoolroom after dinner with so changed a look and bearing, that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant, and half-fearful of mental wandering, he went to her and said:

'Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?'

'Oh, I've got somebody to love me! somebody to love me!' the child answered, earnestly, as if it were Heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was the certainty that someone loved her and desired her affection that so lighted the child's soul and glorified her face.

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and now lives in a beautiful home; but more than all its beauty and comfort running like golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her adopted father and mother.—'Christian Globe.'

The Bell-ringers.

The missionary had come back on furlough to his own little village. It was a village of poor folk, and had never given much to missions—except the missionary. He spoke about his work three times on the Sunday; but it was at the Sunday-school service in the afternoon that enthusiasm waxed highest. The boys and girls listened with rapt attention while he told about the little meeting-house that he hoped to build, and the way in which he and his people were trying to raise money for it. At the end of the talk the children clapped and clapped, and when the din was subsiding, one little boy cried out with explosive earnestness:

'Can't we help? Can't we do something?'

The missionary smiled, and the mothers sighed; but other voices had taken up the question, and now on all sides was heard the same cry: 'Can't we help?'

'Could you build the steeple?' suggested the missionary; and he named the sum of money necessary.

Mothers and fathers shook their heads, and the children's faces fell.

'Perhaps you could give us the bell?'

Again there was a shaking of heads; but suddenly out of the silence spoke the little boy who had first asked the question.

'We could give the rope to pull the bell,' he said.

There was a burst of delighted applause, and the little boy was allowed to pass the collection-plate.

A few years afterwards the missionary came home for another holiday, and brought with him a photograph of the little mission church. In the doorway stood an Indian lad, pulling on the end of a bell-rope. He passed the photograph round among the eager children, and as they studied it, he said to them: 'My little friends, you can see here one end of your benefaction; the other end stretches up toward heaven.'

And the children's faces shone, for they all knew what he meant.—'Christian Age.'

The Hero of the Tenements.

'Whew, but it is cold!' muttered Mat, the little Hungarian newsboy, as he jumped up and down at the corner of the street. The wide, rickety, boards of the sidewalk, covered white with frost, creaked shrilly with every movement of his feet.

'Morning papers, here!' shouted Mat.

It was yet too early for very many people to be astir. Across the street the sidewalk was squeaking under the clumsy shoes of a night messenger boy upon his way home.

'Hello, Billy!' Mat accosted.

'Hello, Mat!' How's the family?' returned Billy. 'Come over here.'

Mat ran across the street and landed with a bound upon the walk beside his friend, the night messenger.

'Ain't it cold, though!' chattered Mat, as he thrust his hands down into one of the pockets of Billy's overcoat.

'I asked you how your family was getting along,' said the older boy, not unkindly.

'They're all right as long as it's summer,' answered the newsboy. 'But this morning, Heddy is worse, 'cause it's cold-d-.'

Mat pressed up closer to Billy and shivered. Two big tears were rolling down his cheeks, but he was too much of a man to notice them or even to wipe them away.

'I've found a chance for you, Mat,' continued Billy. 'They want an office boy up in a fine place on Fourth avenue. I saw by the sign in the window this morning. Come along and see it.'

The boys walked along the street for a little distance, then turning a corner were soon upon the magnificent Fourth avenue.

'Here's the sign, Mat,' said the messenger boy, stopping in front of a handsome office building.

'Boy wanted for lawyer's office. Must have good recommendations. Apply in person on Tuesday morning,' said Mat slowly repeating each word.

'You'd get a pile out of such a place as that. Why don't you try for it? I would if I was out of a job and had your schoolin',' prompted Billy.

Mat shook his head soberly.

'No, there's no chance for me. Don't you see it says you've got to have recommendations—and where could I get any?'

'That's so,' assented the other. 'Didn't think of that. But say, it wouldn't do any hurt to try, anyway. So the next morning he presented himself at the office of one of the prominent lawyers of the great city in which he lived, and waited his turn to be examined as an applicant for the position in question.

Mat had not always lived in America. A few years before, when he was but a mere lad, he had come from Hungary, away across the rolling Atlantic, with his parents and his baby sister Hedwig, a wee, sweet-faced cripple. This little family was just beginning to get accustomed to the new life when misfortune, hard and sudden, came to it. The father became stricken with a mysterious disease and died. The poor mother, now prostrated with grief, longed for the dear old rural home in her native land. Here she was in a strange country with few friends and a family for which she must provide. What could she do? Little Mat, however, now came manfully to the front and showed that he was born of sturdy stock. He realized that he must now take his place at the head of the house. Leaving his school, which he loved far more than he chose to confess, and in which

he was fast forging to the head of his class, he went upon the streets as a newsboy.

For several years Mat's family prospered very well. The mother was able to earn a good deal by her needle, and Mat helped out with the pennies which he gained by selling papers. All of the other boys of the streets, whether newsboy or messenger, whenever they became acquainted with Mat liked him. He was 'straight goods' as they put it, and never sold papers on the street corners already occupied by other boys. He was good to the little weak newsboys, too.

Indeed, there seemed to be bred in this humble child of the tenements, a Christ-like love for humanity. In his own small way he tried to help others whenever possible. From his parents he had early received careful instruction in the Bible, and in a bright little mission Sunday-school within two blocks of his new home in the American city, he was a constant attendant. In the Sunday-school class were boys whom he had met upon the streets selling papers and whom he had invited to come to the mission.

But a time came when the mother's eyes, already weakened by too close work with the needle, gave out completely, and she found that she could make no more garments for the big wholesale clothing house that employed her. This had happened but a short time before that morning upon which Mat was shown the sign in the lawyer's office.

With the stern winter staring them in the face, Mat was ready to make almost any attempt to secure some honorable employment that would bring him a bigger income than he made by selling papers. But now as he stood in the lawyer's office awaiting his turn in the line of eager young applicants, he wished he had not been so ready to take Bill's advice. For what chance had he against all of these better dressed boys, who doubtless had their pockets full of fine recommendations.

'Next!' called out a spry young man; and Man found himself ushered into the mysterious back room from which all of the boys ahead of them had come away some of them with disappointment written plainly upon their faces.

Mat walked bravely into the room and met the gaze of the great lawyer who was seated at a desk covered with many papers.

'Well, what is your name?' asked the lawyer briskly.

'Matthias Boeskey, sir. They call me "Mat" for short,' answered the little Hungarian.

'What recommendation have you?' 'None, sir; but I thought that maybe you'd take me without any,' faltered Mat, his throat choking up with some sort of a lump which he could not swallow.

'Without any!' exclaimed the lawyer as his keen, searching eyes wandered over Mat from head to foot, making the boy painfully conscious of his shabby and ill-fitting clothes, his grimy, chapped hands and tattered shoes.

For a moment Mat wavered under the attack of these critical eyes and was just upon the point of fleeing from the room when a picture of his mother as she had vainly tried to see to patch his trousers the night before, appeared to him and made him straighten up and feel once more like a man.

'Well, what have you to say for yourself?' the lawyer asked abruptly. 'What made you think that I would take you without recommendations?'

'Well, sir, it's just this way,' answered Mat in an honest and open manner, 'Billy, my own chum, was kind enough to tell me about this place. I know it isn't business to take a fellow without recommends, hope you'll just give me a chance, and I'll make a big try to suit you. There's a lot depending on me, and I couldn't afford to do poor work for anybody. You see since father died I'm the main fellow at our house.

'I sell papers, but as long as I've got to buy better stuff for my little sister Heddy to eat, I can't depend on that sort of work. I've got to hustle more'n ever, cause mother's eyes have given out. I didn't want to let any chance slip to get work, so I came here.'

* * * * * * * *

There was silence in the comfortable office. The lawyer had turned away and was looking out of the window with a far-away expression in his eyes. Perhaps he was thinking of the time, many years before, when he himself was a boy with a future scarcely less discouraging than that of this ragged anxious-looking lad. Perhaps he was thinking also of the kind old gentleman who had given him a start when no one else would notice him. At any rate, he suddenly aroused himself, and, looking at Mat with eyes, altogether softened, 'Where did you say you live?' he asked; and as the boy told him he wrote the address in a note book, adding aloud: 'Come to-morrow at this time and I'll let you know.'

With this Mat was dismissed, and the next waiting boy was shown into the private room, and then the next one, until finally all had been examined and had departed.

* * * * * * * *

'Charles,' said the lawyer to his clerk, 'did you notice the little fellow who claimed that he had a family to support?'

'Yes, sir,' answered Charles.

'I want you to go to his home and find out, if possible, whether he told us the truth. Inquire of his neighbors—any way to find out. Here is his address.'

* * * * * * * *

A street-car ride of twenty minutes took Charles to the poor tenement district where Mat, the newsboy, lived with his mother and his sister.

'Will you tell me, please, whether a boy by the name of Matthias lives, with his mother and cripple sister, next door to you?' asked Charles of a pleasant-faced old woman who had answered his knock.

'Yes, he does; and a right good boy, by the way, he is, as everybody, will tell you,' answered the woman. 'He reminds me every day of my own son who got lost at sea. I tell you there never was a better son nor—'

But just at this minute Charles caught sight of Mat carrying home a little basket of coal for his 'family,' and not wishing to be noticed by the boy, he started up the street, leaving the good old mother still speaking her praises of Mat and her own dead sailor boy. Charles immediately turned back, however, and stood by a street corner near at hand. Presently he saw Mat come out upon the street, drawing, in a shaky little cart, his invalid sister. The wind blew somewhat cold, yet the sun was bright and warm, and no doubt Mat thought that this would be one of the last chances for 'Heddy' to enjoy the out of doors. He made his way directly toward Charles.

'I'm getting cold,' the lawyer's clerk heard the little girl complain.

'Oh, well, I'll fix that,' assured Mat. Whereupon he whisked off his coat and wrapped it about the tiny shoulders of his passenger.

'That boy is all right,' thought Charles as he started for the nearest street car.

When Mat left the office of the great lawyer that Tuesday morning it was with a mingled feeling of hope and despair. Would he really get the place or not? Perhaps the lawyer was merely trying to get rid of him without hurting his feelings. He resolved to speak nothing concerning the matter to his mother, but to wait and see what fortune the morrow had in store for him. During all the long night he tossed restlessly to and fro upon his bed.

After a frugal breakfast, Mat started away the next morning to secure his usual supply of papers. But before he could gain courage to go to the crowded thoroughfare, he felt that he must return home to bid his mother and Heddy good-by once more. He was troubled at heart, for his mother had told him that the little sister whom he loved so much was growing thin and frail for want of more nourishing food.

'Things are going to pick up, mamma, just you see; for you remember that I am a man now,' said Mat as he stood for a moment in the doorway.

His mother looked down at him with love and pride revealed in her face, though she found it hard to hide her anxiety.

'I must get that place!' vowed Mat to himself as he sped away.

At exactly the hour mentioned by the lawyer, Mat again stood waiting his turn to be called into the private room. Three or four other boys who had been asked to call again, were already there waiting and hoping like himself. But one after another they were dismissed and Mat again stood before the lawyer.

'This is Matthias Boeskay, is it? Well, sir, we've decided that you are the boy we want for the place. No, no—never mind about just thanking me. All we want is good service. See if the suit over there upon the chair fits you. That all comes with the position, you know. I have also made an arrangement for you with Dr. Warwick of the Grand Medical Institute. You are to meet him at his office this morning to talk about your invalid sister. He is a good man and will be able to help her if anybody can. I will tell you later what your duties in this office will be.'

With his eyes radiant with glee, Mat listened to the words of the lawyer. During all that day while he was becoming accustomed to his new duties, he could hardly keep from shouting. For had not Dr. Warwick told him he thought he could cure Heddy? She was going to get stronger each day, he knew, for he was now able to buy her everything in the world that she needed.

And that night God heard from the lips of Mat and his family the thanks which the lawyer had not taken for himself.—'The Boys' World.'

Sizing a Boy Up.

George Sexton, who has charge of two hundred boys in a big department store, loves to talk about boys. 'Boys are not a necessary evil at this establishment,' he said. 'They are the material out of which men are to be made.'

'How do you choose your cash boys, Mr. Sexton?' I asked.

'My first question is "Where is the boy?" You see, it all depends upon the boy himself. You can judge the boy better from his appearance, his manner, his dress and the way he comes into an office than from any description of him. Character shows forth in little things—you can't hide it. I take boys by what you might almost term first impressions. I have "sized a boy up" before he asks me for a place. The removal or non-removal of the hat on entering the office, the respectful and self-respecting way in which a boy addresses me, the way in which he meets my look and questions, all give me an idea of his bringing up and the "stuff" that is in him. As to appearance, I look at once for these things: polished shoes, clean clothes and clean face, hands and finger nails. Good clothes are not

requisites. A boy's clothes may be ragged, his shoes have holes in them, yet his appearance may still give evidence of a desire to be neat. I will not employ a cigarette smoker if I know it. As for reference, a boy's teacher is the best reference he can have. The recommendation which a good boy in our employ gives a boy applying for a position always receives marked consideration.—'Record.'

A Laugh.

A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day.
It tips the peaks of life with light,
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along!

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet!

—'Plymouth Weekly.'

Help for Mission Study.

Have you a set of maps for your missionary meetings? If not, why not begin to make them?

Get a large piece of white cotton cloth or heavy muslin. After you have the correct outline, use paint to trace the boundaries, locate the places, and print names. Mission stations may be marked by a red line.

A map may be made also out of black crinoline, using white paint for outline, and marking mission stations with gilt stars in remembrance of the Star of Bethlehem, for the light has come to these dark places through the knowledge of Jesus.

Make missionary scrapbooks of the countries studied. In the foreign missionary books you will paste pictures of the towns and cities; pictures showing native customs, the people, their temples, idols, and homes; pictures of the children in the mission schools, the native teachers, the mission buildings, and our dear missionaries whom we have learned to love.

Watch the papers and magazines for such pictures.—Selected.

Barbar's Way.

(Annie Hamilton Donnell, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

A fresh, strong breeze was blowing through the little shabby parsonage. Barbara was the breeze. She had just come home from the Seminary to take the reins of the family government into her own strong young hands. It did seem, Olive said, just as if mother had waited to give out till Bab had made her bow after her valedictory. 'Then she dropped on the sofa, and there she's been ever since,' Olive explained. 'If you hadn't come home post-haste, I presume we'd all have gone to smash. Alex and I've gone as it is.'

Olive was eleven. She sat on the hall table, and swung her feet as she talked.

'You haven't grown any more elegant in your speech or your manners, have you, my dear?' Barbara said as she wielded her broom.

'Mercy, haven't I? I've been humping myself'—

'Nolly Plummer!' sighed the older sister, but her eyes were laughing in spite of themselves. Nolly was the spoiled little Plummer.

In all there were seven Plummers from the minister down. At the bottom was four-year-old Terence. They were all shabby; the house was shabby; the cat was shabby, Nolly said.

'You'll be shabby now; it's catching like the measles. First the carpet and the wallpaper and the sofa came down, then us—Oh, don't stop sweeping, I mean me. I got A in grammar last half, honest Inj—I mean sure pop—oh, I don't mean a living thing!'

The little parsonage had been growing shabby so long that the memory of the oldest little Plummer scarcely reached back to when it wasn't shabby. Rugs had covered holes, and pictures and calendars had covered faded strips in the wall-paper, until rugs and pictures and calendars had given out. There were no more worn-out red flannels of the minister's, or black stockings of the children's, for mother's patient hands to braid into little cover-up rugs; and any way, the patient hands could not have braided them, for they had given out, too.

Barbara had been away two years. Her home had been made with the minister's sister in the distant Seminary town, and it had not been thought best for her to incur the expense of coming home for the vacations. No Plummer ever incurred unnecessary expenses; irreverant little Nolly said they could not even afford to die on account of the funeral expenses.

'It's so much worse than I expected,' Barbara sighed softly to herself. 'We were just shabby before; now we're S-H-A double B-Y! There are nine new rugs; I've counted. We've got reduced to using year-before-last calendars over the bedroom spots. There isn't a thing in the house that isn't shabby except father's sermons. Bless him, those never would be, if he wrote 'em on the kneading-board for a blotter!' and Barbara shouldered her broom and went away to find father, and kiss his bald spot.

'But something's got to be done; now, what? I don't suppose I can go out on the front door steps and ring the dinner bell, as Noll suggests, and shout, "Ho, somebody! Hurry up, somebody! The parsonage is dropping right to pieces! What kind of folks do you think you are to tack down your own carpet, and paper your own walls, and let your minister starve? Shame, shame, shame!"'

Barbara forgot the minister's bald spot in her contemplation of the minister's woes. She sat down on the back stairs and buried her shapely chin deep in her shapely palms to think it all out, Barbarawise. Somebody had got to think it out.

Of course mother had been covering up and covering up, in her patient, proud way. You didn't see the shabbiness with the naked eye, maybe. Not unless you took up the rugs to sweep, or took down the calendars to dust. So probably the minister's people didn't altogether realize things. Barbara wouldn't condemn untried. But the minister's people must see.

'Somebody's got to open their eyes; it's time!' Barbara nodded decisively. 'But who—who—who? Mother won't; father's own eyes are shut; all the other Plummers aren't big enough, except'—Barbara lifted her head and sighed—'except the Plummer sitting on the back stairs,' she finished. 'She's big enough. The one who's to do it—heigho, I didn't take A in grammar; but it's me! Barbara Plummer, thy name henceforth is Joan of Arc!'

The Ladies' Sewing Circle of Blue Hill met 'round.' But it had never met at the parsonage; the minister's proud little wife had never invited it to meet there, though irrepressible Nolly had suggested that the rugs might be nailed down and the calendars nailed up, to prevent their slipping and telling tales.

'And all the Plummer children could stand in front of the worst leaking places on the wall; they could be nailed, too! I'm sure we'd make lovely wallflowers.'

But, though it was a sensitive spot with mother, because all the parsonages she had ever known were favorite meeting-places for sewing circles, yet she never could think of inviting the Blue Hill Sewing Circle to her parsonage, of course. And gradually she had drifted out of caring very much about that—and a good many other things. Mother was getting discouraged.

On the third Sunday after Barbara's return the minister, in his usual abstracted, dreamy way, read rather a startling notice from the Blue Hill pulpit. He took up the slip of paper, and spread it open with his long white fingers, and read: 'The Ladies' Sewing Circle will meet next Wednesday at the parsonage. The usual basket supper will be served, and it is hoped that there will be a very large attendance. All are cordially invited.'

'Gracious!' exploded Nolly softly, behind the largest palm-leaf fan in the minister's pew. And Alex sidled along the cushion to Barbara with a hasty wriggle.

'An enemy hath done this,' he whispered without turning his head.

It certainly was the cause of a general wave of surprise that flowed silently over the whole little country congregation. Then the minister gave out his text.

The minister's wife was in dismay when they crowded around her sofa with the news. She could scarcely credit it. It did not seem possible that Mrs. Hollis, the president of the Sewing Circle——

'It wasn't Mrs. Hollis,' Barbara said calmly. 'It was me—I. I invited them to meet here. You said I was in charge now, and I thought it was time the Plummers went into society more—or society came to them. I thought I'd surprise you all.'

'Well, you did, all right!' nodded Olive gleefully. 'I think it's splendid; now let 'em see how shab——'

'I'm talking,' Barbara went on, severely. 'Little girls should not interrupt. I did not mean for little mum to know till the last minute, and I don't see what you all had to troop in here for! But don't you worry, little mum; this is my Sewing Circle. All I want of you is to come to it in your dear, shabby, best black dress.'

'Goody! They can make her a new one—they always sew for the poor.'

'Noll, I wish you would practise your "Song Without Words" a little more! I am not certain I shall invite you, with your tongue.'

'Well, you can invite me without it, then,' laughed the child. "'N.B.—Tongues and babies are requested to be kept at home, in pickle."'

Barbara would not let frail little mother lift a finger toward setting the house in order. She was allowed only to give directions from her sofa. By Tuesday night everything was done that could be done and some things, Nolly said, that couldn't. Still mother worried and planned.

'Babby,' she called, as tired Barbara was on the way past her door to bed.

'Yes, little mum.'

'Come in here a minute, dear. I've thought of something. You know that new worn place in front of the organ? Well, to-morrow I

want you to take this rug beside my bed——'

'And cover up the worn place with it. I see, mumsie.'

'Yes, and, Babby, can't you hang your seminary flag, or a calendar, or something, over that new "leak-place" in the front hall where it rained in, the last storm? That worries me.'

'Oh, yes, I suppose so, dear; but my little red flag is only eighteen inches long——'

'And there isn't a calendar in the house longer than three hundred and sixty-five days,' put in Nolly's laughing voice over Barbara's shoulder. 'And that leak-spot is a mile each way.'

'And, Babby——'

'Yes, little mum,' patiently.

'Oh, what did you do such a thing for? Have you thought of the parlor curtains? They'll tumble to pieces if they're washed again; why didn't you think of curtains and carpets and leaks?'

'I did, dear,' Barbara said gently. 'Now, don't worry another little worry as big as a pea! This is my Sewing Circle, and I will manage and "receive" and everything else. If your head aches, you needn't even see anybody but the selectest ladies. I got the Plummers into this scrape, and I'll get the Plummers out. Signed, Joan of Ar—Barbara Plummer. Good-night, little mum.'

'Good-night, mummie. 'It's going to be larks!'

Just before time for the ladies to assemble, the next afternoon, Barbara did a strange thing. She did it rather guiltily, stepping as lightly as possible from room to room. But her lips set themselves in determined lines that gave her piquant face an odd look of maturity.

'I've got that queer sensation just as if I'd done this all before, and been put in jail for it!' she thought, sweeping up gay little rug after gay little rug, and adding them to the pile in her arms. When she had made the rounds of the poor little rooms, not a patch or worn place, spot or stain, was hidden from sight. All the shabbiness stood out pitilessly, boldly.

Barbara met the ladies at the door, in her mother's place. She was a little pale and breathless, but she held out her hand with a smile of welcome.

'Mrs. Hollis! I am so glad you came! But of course you did—presidents have to, don't they? Please excuse mother at first; I'm saving her for by and by. I want to make her "spend," as Nolly says! Oh, Mrs. Hollis, please be careful not to trip in that hole there; holes are so treacherous!

'Good afternoon, Mrs. Graff! Yes, I'm Babby, and I like caraway cakes just as well as I used to. I wish you'd brought me one in your pocket. Let me take your bonnet and shawl. It isn't quite safe to hang things on that hat-tree; it rains in so behind it. I don't know about the other people's leak-spots, but the minister's are moldy!

'Miss Henriette! walk right in and sit down—oh, please in this chair! That one has the rickets. Nolly says we ought to paste a sign, "Don't sit down," on it.'

One after another the young hostess greeted them all. The tiny red spots in her clear cheeks faded a little after the first, but even Barbara's courage was hardly proof against the terrible array of patches and threadbare spots and fadedness that stared at her from every side like so many reproachful eyes. She had never dreamed they would look so spotty and faded and holey as that!

Nolly clutched her sleeve, and drew her aside in a tremor of indignation.

'Well?' she demanded in a shrill whisper.

'I took them all up and all down; they're in the hall closet,' Barbara said stoutly. 'I mean for the Sewing Circle to see what sort of a parsonage they keep their minister in. I want them to see every plessed patch and spot, and count 'em! But—oh, but it's awful, isn't it, Noll?'

'Awful!'

In spite of all, the Ladies' Sewing Circle had a delightful time at the shabby little parsonage, and the afternoon went by at the rapid gait that delightful afternoons affect. Barbara proved a successful little hostess, and to a Plummer all the other children behaved beautifully. The little Plummer mother, who could not come out of her room, after all, heard the pleasant hum of voices and the laughing, and sighed with relief. Babby's wild little plan was coming out all right.

'So much better than I feared,' mother murmured.

Going home, the tongues of the Sewing Circle were loosed. The ladies drifted together as soon as they were out of range of the parsonage windows, and fell into animated talk.

'Did you ever!'

'Never! I counted the holes in the parlor carpet.'

'I counted the leak-spots. Who ever dreamed the little parsonage had come to that? We must have it shingled—'

'And papered.'

'And carpeted. How blind we have been! But I'm thankful our eyes are opened now.'

If tired-out Barbara, picking up threads and settling chairs, could have heard! Nolly did hear quite by accident, and reported with glee.

'They're going to shingle us, and carpet us, and paper us!' she cried. 'They've got their eyes wide open!'

And Barbara, because she could think of no better way to celebrate, crossed the room and kissed the minister's bald spot.

A Four-leafed Clover.

A traveller was hurrying along the esplanade of the Continental port to embark on a steamer starting at once for America, when he noticed at his feet a plant of four-leafed clover. This seemed to him, in accordance with the popular tradition, of good omen for his voyage. He gathered a tiny shoot of flowers, to find himself instantly arrested, by the sentinel on guard near by, for the offence of gathering flowers on this public ground, in defiance of municipal prohibition. Remonstrance, resistance were unavailing. To the police station he was hurried. After he had received his reprimand, paid his fine, and hurried quite breathlessly to the quay, his steamer was under way, far beyond any possibility of overtaking. The baffled traveller was stirred with vexation and rage against the unfortunate clover-plant, the rascally sentinel, the insane regulations of the port, the whole world, his particular destiny, etc.

Some days later he was dilating on his grievance to his fellow-guests at his hotel, when one of them handed him a newspaper just opened, pointing to the tidings that the steamer, on which he had been prevented from sailing, had gone down—'all lives lost!'

The youth was overwhelmed with emotion. Prostrate before God, he asked forgiveness for his anger; profoundly moved by the mercy which had saved him alone from amongst and amidst so many, he yielded his heart in gratitude and trust to him who 'willeth not the death of a sinner.' A few weeks later he journeyed from the old world to the new, a new man in Christ Jesus, resolved that all his life long, whatever might befall him, even to utter thwarting of his own desires and plans, should be accepted as the loving kindness of a faithful God.—'Young People's Paper.'

Distance of the Stars.

How far away are the stars? This is a question which has interested astronomers at all times, but it is a very difficult one to answer, and though the distances of some have been measured, it is not easy to grasp how much the figures mean.

Perhaps the best way is to take the speed of light as our measure. Light travels over the distance between the earth and the sun in eight minutes, twenty seconds; yet the sun's distance—ninety-three millions of miles—is too vast to be realized. Now light, flashing forth from the nearest stars, and darting onwards at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, takes about four and a quarter years to reach our eyes; we do not, therefore, see even the nearest stars as they are now, but as they were four and a quarter years ago, and, for aught we know, these stars may, in the meantime, have become extinct!

There are more distant stars, of which the light must take fifty, a hundred, a thousand, even thousands of years to reach us. And it is deeply interesting to remember that, were there astronomers in those stars with telescopes sufficiently powerful to view our earth, and what is taking place thereon, they would see it, not as it now is, but as it was in past years or past ages. From some the coronation of Queen Victoria might be seen; from others, the battle of Waterloo; from some still more distant, the signing of the Magna Charta, or the first Christmas at Bethlehem, or even the crossing of the Red Sea, or the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise!

So that, supposing the news of these old-time events could have been telegraphed, at the moment they happened, to some of the most distant stars known to astronomers, the message would, even now, be travelling along on its vast journey!—'The Presbyterian.'

The Day That She Wasted.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Hester Randolph rose early one morning with plans fully made for her day. On her easel was the rough sketch of a picture on which she meant to work, in her desk was an essay half finished, and she intended to devote an hour of hard study to some references with which she wished to become familiar before she sent it in to the prize competition, and in her basket was a bit of fine embroidery that was a marvel of delicate needlecraft. This, too, she meant to work on during some portion of the summer's day. She felt a sense of power, due to a good night's rest and perfect health, and as she stepped from her room into the hall, Hester's heart was full of elation. Life seemed so worth while a thing, so glad and interesting, and Hester was so convinced that she was making real progress in self-development. Already she had kept the morning watch, had had her Bible, and had her little season of prayer, and it was with a very cheerful face that she set out to meet her world.

Under her breath she was softly humming Frances Havergal's hymn:

'Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,'

And her soul was permeated by the desire

so beautifully expressed in the sweet lyric.

'Oh, Hester, is that you?' cried her Aunt Minnie. 'Your mother left word that you were to take charge of the housekeeping today. She was suddenly sent for to go to the minister's. The baby is worse, and Mrs. Appleton is very much alarmed. They fear the little thing won't live.'

'Hester,' called her father from his den where he was assorting some papers before going to breakfast, 'I must ask you to look over this coat of mine, and mend the rips in my pockets. And while you are busy with your needle just mend the gloves I'm going to leave here, won't you, daughter? It's fine to have a daughter at home from college, whom one can call on without being afraid he'll invade her time unnecessarily.'

Mr. Randolph smiled as he glanced at the slender girl, so tall and trim; the daughter of whom he felt so proud.

'I'll attend to your needs, father,' she answered sweetly. If Hester disliked anything in the world, it was repairing old clothing and sewing ripped glove-ends. But she would not have let her father suspect this, and as she loved him, she resolved to undertake every little service for him very willingly. This, too, would be a help to self-development, she really thought.

The breakfast over, the household started on its accustomed routine; the market man and butcher interviewed, and the parlor and sitting-room dusted. Hester procured needle, thimble, and thread, and did her father's mending. That finished, she replenished the seed-cup and water bottle of the canary, and hung its cage out of the sun in a vine-wreathed corner of the veranda. It was now after ten, but she saw a clear space before her for her painting, and went eagerly to her little studio in the attic.

She had mixed her paints, and arranged her several properties to her liking, when Aunt Minnie called her from the foot of the stairs.

'Hester, did you forget to pay your grandmother her little morning visit? She has been asking for you.'

Grandmother Mead was a very old lady, and her health was extremely feeble. She was sometimes querulous and was always exacting. Aunt Minnie's hands were full in taking care of her, but the rest of the family never failed to pay her many tender attentions. Hester's habit was to run in for a five minutes' chat every morning, and her grandmother looked forward to this bit of a visit with more wistful yearning than Hester ever dreamed.

For an instant Hester was irritated, as she took off her painting apron, and left her easel. Then a swift feeling of compunction crossed her mind. She had indeed in the pressure of other things forgotten her grandmother. She would atone for the neglect at once. Hastily she went to the quiet room where old Mrs. Mead spent her monotonous days, never altogether free from pain, often inexpressibly lonely. Mrs. Mead had been a woman of much activity, and a personage to be reckoned with. Why should we who are in the heyday of health and strength, so often fail in sympathy with those who are derelicts stranded on the shores of old age? Time may bring us to the same destiny, yet we seldom remember this until too late.

The thin old face, wrinkled and wan, the large, bright eyes, the tremulous hands appealed to Hester, as she quickly entered her grandmother's presence.

'Dearie,' said the old lady, 'I've been longing for you. I didn't see you all yesterday.'

'I had to go to Sunday-school, grandmother, dear,' answered Hester, 'and then came the church, and I spent the rest of the day with Cousin Cornelia. When I came home last night it was too late to disturb you.'

'Hester,' said Aunt Minnie, appearing in bonnet and gloves, 'I have an errand in the village that won't wait. If you'll sit with mother till I get back, I'll feel easy about her.'

'There's no occasion for any one's sitting with me,' said old Mrs. Mead, in a tone of offense. 'I am not a child to require watching. Mary makes far too much fuss. Now, Hester, go about your own pleasure, my dear. I've seen you, and that's enough for this time.'

'But, grandmother,' pleaded Hester, 'if it's my pleasure to stay with you I may, may I not? I'd like to read to you, too, if you will let me.'

The truth was that Mrs. Mead's excessive fragility made it dangerous for her to be left alone, and it was so managed that it seldom happened. Hester knew that Aunt Minnie was so constantly confined as a caretaker, that she suffered for fresh air and exercise, and her conscience pricked her because she had not oftener relieved her in her daily labor of love, since she had been free to do so, her college life being ended. On the other hand, she just thought with a pang, that there was no more chance for her to paint that day. The interruption had lessened her inclination for the work she wanted to do on her picture.

'Read me something amusing, child,' said her grandmother. 'Mary has been reading the Bible to me, and now I'd like to hear something from the daily paper.'

Hester obediently did as she was told. An hour slipped away before her Aunt Minnie, much refreshed by her walk, came back and set Hester at liberty.

She now felt the need for exercise and air herself, and set out for the long, brisk walk she liked to take before luncheon.

When the garden gate was reached, she was met by the postman, who had letters for the whole family it seemed, among them three for Hester. She concluded to read them before going to walk, and was glad she did so, two requiring an immediate answer. Writing these notes occupied a large part of the next hour, for when a girl is writing to her college classmates, there is a good deal to be said, and the pen runs on fast. Just as she concluded her letters, addressed, and stamped them, company arrived. An old friend of her mother's passing through the place, had stopped to spend an hour. Helen went to the parsonage, explained that her mother was wanted at home for a while, and found that the Appleton baby was better. She walked back with her mother. Mrs. Randolph noticed a shadow on her face.

'What is it, girlie?' she asked.

'Oh, nothing much, mother.'

'But tell mother. You always have told mother the little troubles, dear.'

'It seems so selfish, mother, but at home I never get time for anything at all. Here I've lost my day, for I can't count on the afternoon, ever. This is such a sociable place, and people call so often. I meant to paint, to write, to study, to develop myself, while I was spending this first summer out of college, but it is not of any use even to try. My time is frittered away in the merest trifles, and I'm discouraged.'

'I wouldn't be,' said the mother. 'It all depends on the point of view, Hester. You are making our home very happy. You are easing me of many loads and brightening your father's life. You are helping dear grandmother and Aunt Minnie. You are doing the little things that God appoints at the time he wants them done, and you shouldn't be disheartened, dear. A day like this is not a lost day.'

They were by this time at home. The mother greeted her old friend cordially.

Hester went to her own room, and, somewhat absently, picked up her copy of 'Daily Strength for Daily Needs.' There she found this quotation from the writings of the Rev. J. R. Miller, and it was just a sweet personal message that did her great good:

'How can you live sweetly amid the vexatious things, the irritating things, the multitude of little worries and frets, which lie all along your way and which you cannot evade? You cannot at present change your surroundings. Whatever kind of life you are to live must be lived amid precisely the experiences in which you are now moving. Here you must win your victories or suffer your defeats. No restlessness or discontent can change your lot. Others may have other circumstances surrounding them, but here are yours. You had better make up your mind to accept what you cannot alter. You can live a beautiful life in the midst of your present circumstances.'

A lost day, thought Hester, but as she knelt by her bed at eventide to say her prayers, a deep peace stole into her soul. She had done God's will, made plain to her in little duties and opportunities, and her last waking thought was of thankful recognition of God's leading.

Pointers.

You can't expect to get along by standing still.

Contentment often serves as a brake on the wheels of advancement.

Resolutions are worse than useless, unless they are carried out. If you are going to do something, make a start.

A little time rightly spent is often productive of profitable results for a great deal of time to come.

If you have arrived at the point where you cannot be taught anything more, you must either know very much or very little.

Added knowledge will harm no one.—'Educational Record.'

No Object in Life.

I committed one fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I abided it. I started in life without an object, even without an ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition. I said to myself, 'I have all that I see others contending for, why should I struggle?' I knew not the curse that lights on those who have never to contend for anything. Had I created for myself a definite pursuit—literary, scientific, artistic, social, political, no matter what, so that there was something to labor for and to overcome—I might have been happy. I feel this now—too late! The power is gone. Habits have become like chains. Through all the profitless years gone by, I seek vainly for something to remember with pride or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life. I feel sometimes as if there were nothing remaining to me worth living for; I am an unhappy man.—R. D. Owen, in 'Among the Breakers.'

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Disarm Vexation by Wearing a Smile.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, it's never worth while;
Disarm the vexation by wearing a smile,
Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss,
Just meet the thing boldly and never be cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, with people at home;
They love you so fondly, whatever may come,
You may count on the kinsfolk around you to stand.
Oh, loyally true in a brotherly band!
So, since the fine gold far exceedeth the dross,
I wouldn't be cross, dear, I wouldn't be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with a stranger, ah no!
To the pilgrims we meet on the life path we owe
This kindness, to give them good cheer as they pass,
To clear out the flint stones and plant the soft grass;
No, dear, with a stranger in trial or loss,
I perchance might be silent, I wouldn't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens, no sharpness may heal
The wound which the soul is too proud to reveal,
No envy hath peace; by a fret and a jar
The beautiful work of our hands we may mar.
Let happen what may, dear, of trouble and loss,
I wouldn't be cross, dear, I wouldn't be cross.

New Testament Reading.

'A great many people are under the impression that it takes a long time to read the New Testament,' remarked a well-known preacher the other day; 'but, as a matter of fact, it only requires sixty hours for the average reader to read the entire book; or, in other words, if a man were to read an hour each day, he would finish the book inside of two months. I told this to a business man, once, and he said he didn't believe me. Thinking it would be a good plan to get him to read it at any rate, I advised him to try it, and the result was that he reported that he had read everything in it within forty hours.'—'The Christian Globe.'

Puzzle With Letters.

Some time since, students at the Boston Institute of Technology designed a puzzle which is interesting. Given two words of an equal number of letters, the problem is to change one to the other by altering one letter at a time of the first so as to make a legitimate English word, continuing the alterations until the desired result is attained. The conditions are that only one letter shall be changed to form each new word, and that none but words which can be found in English dictionaries shall be used. Here are some examples of the changes.

East to west.—East, vast, vest, west.

Dog to cat.—Dog, dig, fig, fit, fat, cat.—'Educational Record.'

Prizes Easily Earned.

The result of the seventh week's competition in the gold competition is announced in this issue. It would appear that the boys and girls do not realize what an opportunity is open to them to secure $200.00 in gold or at least one of the weekly prizes of either $10.00 or $5.00, which are offered up to Dec. 24.

Last Week's Prize Winners.

The lists sent in so far are so small that the prizes and commissions awarded are amounting to nearly double the amount sent in by the prize winners.

Any one reading the following statement carefully will see how easily people are earning these cash prizes.

The first one to start in any town or village has of course the best chance. The best lists so far are coming from villages,

The first week of the competition the two prize winners sent us altogether only $22.85

And they received as commission	$18.03
And " " " Prizes....	$15.00
	$33.03

Another week in this competition the two prize winners sent us altogether only $8.85. Just think of it!

And they received as commission	$1,86
And " " " Prizes....	$15.00
	$16.86

The lists sent in are wofully small as yet. This is bad for us, but it makes it all the more easy for you to win the prizes.

Why don't you try? Even if you live in a small village you could easily beat the **largest** list yet. Remember, that these prizes have been secured by lists amounting to only $6.00 and $2.35 respectively. All the prizes so far except one, have been secured by those living in villages.

We are giving these cash prizes, one of $10 and one of $5, every week until Christmas, in **addition** to our very liberal commissions, which alone are enough to make canvassing for the 'Witness,' 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger' a very profitable occupation for your spare time.

Besides, there is that prize of $200 coming next spring to the one sending the largest amount of subscription money (except Sunday School clubs for 'Northern Messenger') before that date. Everything you send in now counts towards that prize, besides giving you the chance of one of the weekly prizes.

Try your neighbors. They will appreciate our publications as much as you do.

The following are the successful competitors in the gold competition for the week ending December 3rd.

First Prize—$10.00 to F. D. LaGrove, Ontario, who sends $9.61 net worth of subscriptions, and earns $4,59 as commission, making $14.59 profit on his week's work.

Second Prize—$5.00 to Annie H. Doak, New Brunswick, who send $8.63 net worth of subscriptions and earns $6.57 as commission, making $11.57 profit on her week's work.

The lists must be marked "Gold Competition."

These Prizes are despatched each Monday.

Full particulars of the competition will be sent on application.

A 'Fresh-Air' Christmas Child

'Mamma,' said Annie.

'Well, darling?'

'You—you know 'bout—'bout the 'fresh-air' children?'

Mamma laughed. 'Why, of course I do.'

'Well—well, 'spose there were Christmas children?'

Christmas children! What do you mean?'

'Why, just to have the little children that don't have any Christmas in their homes—to have them

SHE STOOD AND GAZED AT THE DOLL.

come into the homes that do have Christmas in them.'

Mamma grew thoughtful. Annie waited to lay down the dollie that had gone to sleep last, and to tuck it carefully in the little bed before she went to lean against her mother's shoulder.

'You know how glad our little 'fresh-air' girl was when she was with us last summer, don't you, mamma?'

'Yes, dear.'

'Well, 'spose we find her and bring her into our Christmas. I don't believe she'll have any in her home.'

Mrs. Manning remained quiet a moment. Then she said: 'I heard papa say that we couldn't do much for Christmas this year. Would you be willing to share yours with the little 'fresh-air' girl?'

'I heard papa say that, too. And I've thought about it. I'll give her all of my Christmas, mamma, 'cause —'cause, you see, 'twouldn't be nice to ask her to come and have only a piece of a Christmas. She —she may have the candy and the picture books and—and the—new —dollie.'

This last was said very slowly.

'Are you sure that you want to do this, little daughter?'

'Very sure, mamma, dear. If I hadn't been I wouldn't have thinked it all up. And then, if I hadn't been very sure, I needn't have told you about it, need I?'

'Certainly not. Well, we'll ask papa about it to-night. He comes into all of our plans, you know.'

Annie nodded her little head. Then she hurried back to her dollies, for every one of them was wide awake.

That evening, when Annie was upon papa's lap for the good-night kiss and cuddle, he said to her: 'Tot, I think that your notion of having a Christmas child come into the gay time is a pretty good one. If mamma's willing to take the trouble I think we'll try it.'

So it was settled. And, as the presents were all to go to the Christmas child, Annie was let into all the secrets of Santa Claus's bag. She saw the pretty picture book, the box of colored crayons, the warm woollen gloves, the long leggings, and she even decided upon the candies that were to go into the little girl's stocking. All this was very jolly. But when it came to the new dollie Annie found it a little bit hard. She began to wonder if those other things were not enough for a little 'fresh-air' child to have, who never had a Christmas in all her life.

Mrs. Manning had no difficulty in finding the same little girl who had been with them during the 'fresh-air' term. The child was delighted. She jumped up and clapped her dirty little thin hands, while her hungry eyes seemed hardly to believe that it could be true.

But it was true. Little 'Fresh-Air' was taken to Annie's home, given a nice warm bath and rub, then dressed in clean warm clothes from neck to toes.

'Now,' said Annie, taking her hand, 'come into my play room.'

When the little waif found herself really back in the little pink room she said:

'I 'spect it's jes' a pretty dream. I've dreamed 'em sence I was here. An' I'll be waked up pretty soon by my father comin' in an' sayin' ugly words, an' may be breakin'

things. You see, it's like de true, but it can't be true—it jes' can't. I'm mos' waked up now.'

But when they were really at play the Christmas child almost forgot the sorrow of her own home.

'Such a big, long dream!' she said when they were at dinner. 'I 'spect it's mos' froo!'

This last little speech touched Annie's heart. She no longer wanted to keep the dollie.

That evening she showed the little Christmas girl how to hang up her stocking—think of a little girl of six years who had never hung up her stocking, and sometimes had not even a stocking to hang up! Then, while she was curled up on the rug in the library, smoothing lazy old Tabby's glossy coat, Annie filled the stockings herself and set the dollie at the top.

Annie didn't hang up her own stocking, for, you remember, she was to give all of her Christmas to the little girl who had never had one before; but—what do you think? Why, when morning came there was another stocking hanging there, filled with exactly the same things as the one Annie had worked so carefully over—even to the dollie that sat smiling at the top!

And upon this second stocking was a card bearing Annie's name.

'O it's too good to be true!' Annie cried.

And, 'I'm so 'fraid I's goin' to—to wake up!' almost sobbed the little Christmas child.—'Christian Advocate.'

My Bible.

I'm a simple little child,
Very easily beguiled;
Yet I have the Bible light,
Showing me the path of right;
And if that I duly prize
God will make me truly wise.
—Selected.

A Thorn in the Pillow.

How pleasant it is when night comes, and we are weary, to lay our heads on a soft pillow, and go sweetly to sleep. But it sometimes happens that our pillow contains a thorn. I have just been reading a paper about a little girl who found a thorn in her pillow. She had come on a visit to her grandmother, who lived at some distance from her mother's and father's home. She seemed very happy all day, for she had everything to make her so; but when her grandmother went to look at her after she was asleep, she saw tear-drops on her eyelashes.

'Ah,' said the old lady the next morning, 'you were a little home sick last night, my dear.

'Oh, no, grandmother!' Mabel replied, 'I could never be homesick here.'

It was the same the next night, and the next. At length grandmother thought, as the child seemed troubled, that she would sit in the next room until she went to sleep. Presently, although Mabel was tucked up, she began to rustle the quilt and shake her pillow, and her grandmother heard a little sob, so she went to her and said, 'Mabel, my child, you have a thorn in your pillow; what is it?'

Then the little girl hid her face, and began to cry aloud. Her grandmother was much affected. At length Mabel answered, 'O grandmother, when I am alone here I cannot forget how I said, 'I won't, mother,' and I cannot unsay it; and mother is good and loves me so much, and—I—was—so naughty!'

And the tears streamed afresh down the child's cheeks. And this, then, was the thorn in her pillow, and she could not withdraw it. And so it will be by and by with the boy who is selfish, and disobedient, and unkind at home. When he is away among strangers the recollection of some unkind word or action will be a thorn in his pillow when he retires at night. —'The Temp. Leader.'

Waldo's Calculation.

Said little Waldo, 'I am eight
And weigh just fifty pounds to date.

'If I should live to be sixteen,
I'd no doubt weigh a hundred e'en!

'But I could not get in the door
If I should e'er be sixty-four!

'For 'cordin' to these figures—zounds!—
I'll then weigh just four hundred pounds!'
—Arthur E. Locke.

Ruth and Naomi.

'Edith,' said grandma, as a lonely little girl went up the road, 'why don't you play with Amy now?'

Grandmothers have time to think, although their fingers are the busiest; and this grandma had seen Amy dropped from the little circle of playmates. She knew, too, what trouble had come to Amy's home.

'I don't know,' said Edith.

'You used to go to Amy's often, and no one enjoyed her carriage more than Edith.'

'She always asked me, grandma, and her mother was glad.

'Wouldn't she be glad to have you now?'

'Perhaps,' said Edith, 'but things seemed so different after their home was sold. I felt queer and Amy felt queer. So I stayed away.'

'If I were Edith,' said grandma, speaking slowly to some one far away, 'I'd go to Amy and give back some of the pleasure she gave me long ago.'

Grandma went on sewing, and Edith read her book. Suddenly she sprang up, dropped the book on the table, and not long after, another little girl went up the road.

'Amy,' said Edith, going into the tiny parlor, 'I've brought you some of the apples you like from our orchard. Didn't we have fun bobbing for them in your kitchen?'

'Oh!' said Amy. Then what do you think she did? Sat down and cried.

'Why, Amy, aren't you glad I came.'

'So glad. I'm just finding out how sorry I was!'

'I'll never stay away again,' said Edith, putting her arms around Amy.

'Did you play Ruth to Naomi?' asked grandma, when Edith told her about it, with flushed cheeks.

'I don't know what you mean, grandma.'

'Ruth stayed with Naomi when she needed her badly—when she had lost everything else.'

'Amy hasn't lost everything else, but she won't lose me either, grandma, darling.'—Selected.

Sample Copies.

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LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 25.

The Prince of Peace.

(CHRISTMAS LESSON.)

Isaiah ix., 1-7.

Golden Text.

His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Isaiah ix., 6.

Home Readings.

Monday, Dec. 19.—Is. ix., 1-7.
Tuesday, Dec. 20.—Is. viii., 13-22.
Wednesday, Dec. 21.—Is. lvii., 13-21.
Thursday, Dec. 22.—Matt. x., 27-39.
Friday, Dec. 23.—Rom. v., 1-11.
Saturday, Dec. 24.—Phil, iv., 4-13.
Sunday, Dec. 25.—Luke ii., 6-18.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

Our Christmas lesson text is taken from Isaiah, the great prophet who saw the revival in Judah, under Hezekiah, and the destruction of the kingdom of Israel. In connection with this passage read Luke ii., 1-20, the story of the birth of Jesus, the Saviour of the world.

The words of this lesson appear to have been spoken during the latter part of the reign of Ahaz, the wicked father of good king Hezekiah. Hence Isaiah was speaking in a time of great national wickedness. Idolatry had largely replaced the worship of God, and the people were oppressed by enemies and were in a state of unrest and discontent.

With all these things before him Isaiah sees a better day to come. Some of us, by our neglect of Bible study, have perhaps come to regard the Old Testament as a gloomy book, full of the dealings of an angry God with his rebellious creatures. As a matter of fact it is the account of the great Father's longsuffering love toward his wayward children, of punishment sent always as a last resort, but of hope ever held out.

From the depths of the nation's wickedness and sorrow Isaiah speaks the words of hope and comfort we read in this lesson.

A VISION OF BETTER TIMES.

(American Revised Version) 1. 'But there shall be no gloom to her that was in anguish. In the former time he brought into contempt the land of Zebulun and the land of Naphtali, but in the latter time hath he made it glorious, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan Galilee of the nations.

2. 'The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

3. 'Thou hast multiplied the nation, thou hast increased their joy: they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.

4. 'For the yoke of his burden, and the staff of his shoulder, the rod of his oppressor, thou hast broken as in the day of Midian.

5. 'For all the armour of the armed man in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood, shall even be for burning, for fuel of fire.'

You will notice several differences between the King James Version, in common use, and the American Revised Version, which we quote here. The sense is, we believe, brought out more clearly by the latter translation.

Isaiah is here speaking in the past tense to describe events yet to come. For the wickedness of the people God had formerly afflicted them. Formerly Zebulun and Naphtali, that is, lower and upper Galilee, had been 'brought into contempt,' but in the latter time God would make that land glorious, as here Christ was to spend a good part of his ministry.

The people who had been dwelling in darkness would see a great light. They had been in moral and spiritual darkness, but there was coming 'the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' In his vision the prophet viewed these things as though they had already occurred. He may here refer also to the coming revival under Hezekiah.

Then he seems to see still farther into the coming time when he says that the nation was multiplied and their joy increased. Israel was soon to pass away as a distinct nation, and Judah in a few more generations would come under the yoke of Rome. Yet the 'yoke of his burden' should be broken, as in the day when Joshua and his three hundred routed the host of Midianites.

There seems to be a progress in the thought of the prophet. First he refers to the former affliction of the land; then to the light that shone on the people; then, to the increase of their joy and prosperity; and now to the utter breaking to pieces of the yoke upon them. Verse 5 emphasizes and completes the idea of verse 4.

HOW THE PROMISE CAN BE REALIZED.

6. 'For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

7. 'Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to establish it, and to uphold it with judgment and with righteousness from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts shall perform this.'

Isaiah continues to unfold the future, and now comes to the means by which the good things he has just enumerated are to be brought about. 'For unto us a child is born.' The coming Messiah is foretold in verse 6. Notice the list of names he is to bear. They seem to meet every want of humanity. Wonderful, to call for the adoration of men; Counsellor, having divine wisdom; the Mighty God, able to do as well as to know; the Everlasting Father of men, who may turn to him as a child to the parent; and the Prince of Peace, under whom the world shall learn war no more.

From the past tense Isaiah turns to the present, and from the present to the future, as though referring to things to come in different periods. The last verse clearly has not yet been fulfilled. Christ is yet to occupy the throne of David and to establish his kingdom. Only about one-third of the world's population is under what we term Christian government, and a much smaller proportion can be called Christians in the true sense. Hence his kingdom cannot properly be said to be established as yet.

One of the great privileges of our time is that we may help spread abroad a knowledge of the Saviour, for the end of this troubled age shall not come until this Gospel is preached for a witness unto all nations.

The angels sang of peace on earth when Christ was born, and he is yet to reign as the Prince of Peace, a precious hope for the believer.

Each year we read and sing of the birth of the Babe in the manger at Bethlehem, but unless we are careful we will be in danger of allowing the familiar fact to lose its significance, because of its regular repetition. Suppose that, in preparing your Christmas lesson this year, you answer these questions, finding the Scriptural references to confirm your answers.

Why was it necessary for Christ to come into the world and die?

God sent his Son into the world from what motive?

How does pardon purchased by Christ's death become yours?

What is meant by the new birth, or regeneration?

When Christ was about to go from the earth whom did he promise to send?

By what means can you conquer temptations that arise?

Can we, in view of the promises on this subject, excuse ourselves for yielding to temptation?

Have you appropriated these gifts of God for yourself, and if not what is your condition?

What great chapter do you recall concerning the state of those who have accepted Christ and obey him?

On January 1 we take up a new series of lessons, 'Studies in the Writings of John,' the first lesson being, 'Christ the Life and Light of Men.' John i., 1-18.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Dec. 25.—Topic—The Light of the world. Isa. ix., 2-7.

Junior C. E. Topic.

REMEMBERING GOD'S GOODNESS.

Monday, Dec. 19.—A visit from Jethro. Ex. xviii., 1-12.

Tuesday, Dec. 20.—Taking good advice. Ex. xviii., 13-27.

Wednesday, Dec. 21.—'Thy loving-kindness.' Ps. xxxvi., 7.

Thursday, Dec. 22.—Praise the Lord. Ps. cvii., 8, 9.

Friday, Dec. 23.—'Speak of his goodness.' Ps. cxlv., 7.

Saturday, Dec. 24.—'These forty years.' Deut. ii., 7.

Sunday, Dec. 25.—Topic—Remembering God's goodness. Ex. xix., 1-8.

Purity

Some one has most truly written, 'A single finger mark spoils the beauty of the bloom of ripe fruit.' It is equally true that one impure act, word, or thought robs the heart of its bloom of purity which can never be, in this world at least, fully replaced. Those who have had experience as teachers of boys and girls, of young men and women, too well know what this really means. Most of us have seen, upon many faces, the gradual disappearance of the halo of innocence and its substitution by that peculiar yet significant 'something' which told, as plainly as words could tell, that the hand of act, word, or thought had robbed life of its bloom.

This question is too generally disregarded until too late. Why it should be thus is a fact very hard to excuse. Our junior boys and girls, our senior young men and women ought to be so taught that nothing should be dearer, more precious, holier, than the most spotless and unsullied purity of the innermost life which is, by the grace of God, possible to men and women. Far better is it to begin moral instruction at the earliest age possible than to defer it one hour too long. No attention whatever, in view of the peril, need be paid to the objections of the stupidly prudish. Our children should be taught to shun even the least thought which they would not tell to mother, to father, to God. Thus trained in childhood, boyhood, girlhood, manhood, womanhood would be able to keep themselves unspotted from the world and would delight to so do.

One stain upon the purity and beauty of the bloom of innocence can never be replaced. Once removed it is gone forever. The wound may heal but the scar will remain. The boy or girl at school, young men and women in association with their fellows, who will listen to, read, repeat, laugh at a word, a thought, a story which they would not repeat to the blessed Lord, such a one is surely, however slowly, undermining the foundations on which purity and innocence stand. To be too pure, too careful, is impossible. To lower one's standard is by no means a difficult matter.—'Morning Star.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Dec., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Anti-Smoking Crusade Among Young Sailors.

With a desire to avoid, as far as possible, ill-effects on the health of young sailors by the excessive use of cheap cigarettes, the Lords of the Admiralty long ago decreed that the cigarette should be barred on all the training ships, and to carry this order out properly each lad on returning to the ship after the half-day's leave which is granted on Sundays and Thursdays, is searched at the gangway.

Some seven years ago, when Captain Cecil Burney (now in command of the battleship 'Empress of India') was in command of the 'Boscawen,' the senior training ship at Portland, he had occasion to make serious complaints of the number of cigarettes the lads tried to bring aboard. The boys were accordingly stopped and brought before the captain and a sentence of a month's leave, with the stoppage of pocket money, was imposed. Smoking ashore, however, went on as usual until at last Captain Burney placed the shops of the district out of bounds. The shopkeepers were immediately up in arms, agitating for a repeal of what they considered a harsh rule. They agitated fruitlessly for years, during which time Captain Burney had gone and Captain Jerram had also come and gone. Then, about a year ago, Captain Tuffnell took over the command, and as a result of the appeals he decided to put the shops in bounds once more. A strict proviso was made, however, that no cigarettes or tobacco should be supplied to the boys.

This proviso was not observed, and once again Portland was declared out of bounds. More agitation on the part of the shopkeepers followed, culminating on Thursday last in an interview between the captain and the clerk of the local council, the result of which was that the shops, except public houses, and those shops which have tobacco licenses were once more placed in bounds, but it was distinctly laid down that another infraction of the rule would mean the departure of the whole of the training ships, which hold 3,000 boys, from Portland.—'London Daily Mail.'

Brewers in Parliament.

The difficulties confronting temperance reformers in England will be still further understood when we consider how many of the 'trade' are in Parliament. In the House of Lords there are 167 peers and in the House of Commons 127 members, besides 880 other titled personages in the realm who are either brewers or stockholders in breweries and draw an income from this source.

The English Parliament lately raised the tax on tea and tobacco, in order to increase the revenue, but no increase was made on beer and alcoholic drinks. The demon of strong drink, who is passing among the fair homes of England and leaving his mark on the doorpost of palace and cottage alike, must not be disturbed in his work of destruction by a vote of Parliament, so long as so large a percentage of the members of its upper and lower house are running breweries.—'National Advocate.'

The Wedding Ring's Story.

(John Rhodes, C.M., in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal.')

(Continued.)

When master came home at night my mistress hurried to the door to greet him, prepared to see him still looking wretched, and eagerly asked, 'How do you feel now? How did you get on through the day?'

'Oh! I'm very seedy,' said he. 'When I got to the office the fellows wondered what was up; and when I told them we had had a little dinner party the night before, and I had got a little bit excited, most of them laughed as if they quite understood, and that old curmudgeon Robson said, "Do you mean to say you got drunk at your own dinner table?" I did not trouble to answer him, and good old Girling said, "That's nothing, old man, slip out and get a brandy and soda; that will put you right." And it did for a time.'

He spoke of going to the theatre, but Alice persuaded him to stop at home to lie down on the couch while she read to him, and see if an evening's rest would do him good. He agreed, and my mistress read a short story to him. It might have been about my master and mistress, for it described a wedding party, a honeymoon, dinners and champagne drinking. It had an awful ending, for the man became a drunkard; lost his work, his health, and home. His two children died of starvation, his wife of a broken heart, and the man himself in a fit of drunken madness jumped into the river and was drowned.

'What an awful story!' said Fred, when his wife had finished reading it. 'But there, you know, people make up these stories out of their own imagination to frighten others.'

'Nay,' said Alice, 'don't you remember reading to me that account in the daily paper of a similar case; how it gave the man's name and address, and where his business was; and you said your Girling knew the man and called him "a poor drunken fool?"'

'Yes, I remember now,' replied Fred. 'A man must be a fool who throws his happiness and life away like that.'

'But what about his soul and the hereafter?' asked Alice, 'that is the more important side to look at, and far outweighs any earthly consideration.'

Fred had no answer to that question.

Time went on. Fred would go for weeks together without getting excited; then he would break out again, and Alice found it was always when he had been to dine and spend the evening with Mr. Girling. She also noticed that Fred seemed short of cash at times and carefully studied the racing and betting columns of the daily newspapers.

Once or twice he had been jubilant, and he talked of what Girling and he had netted over such and such a horse. He would have taken Alice out every night to the opera or theatre, but she was filled with an ever-growing anxiety. Fred's relapses grew more and more frequent. He began to look jaded and weary, and his face was flushed and puffy. He was always drinking wine or spirits. He was too tired at night to be read to by Alice, and he scarcely seemed to care about baby, although she was growing into a fine little girl, and shouted with delight, 'Dad! dad!' when ever she saw him.

Then there came a dark time indeed, for one night Fred was brought to the door in a hansom by Girling, who managed to get him up to bed. There he had to stay for a month, the doctor telling him that he had had a very narrow escape from delirium tremens.

During that illness Girling did not once call to see how my master was, but Robson came every other night. He was so nice and friendly to my mistress, comforting her with words of loving counsel, and giving many sustaining thoughts. He sat with Fred, chatted so very brightly to him of different things, that, although Fred at first had not greeted him at all warmly, he felt that indeed here was a real friend, and he contrasted him with Girling, much to the later's disadvantage.

One of the points about Robson that so impressed Fred and Alice was his kindly, sympathetic, unassuming manner. He certainly did not tell them that he was a good man; yet they felt his influence all through the day. One night Alice surprised them by asking suddenly, 'What makes you so good, Mr. Robson?'

He was startled for a moment; then he answered, 'It is not I, but Christ within me.' Then and there he told them the story of his life and conversion. He had a tale to tell of his horror of the drink demon. His own brother had been lost through it.

(To be continued.)

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Correspondence

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl of eight years of age. I go to the Congregational Sunday-school and church. I have gone to this church for years, and am now on my fifth. I am in the second class at Sunday-school; I am in the senior first at day-school. We have a fine large yard. So my brother Kenneth asked father if he would let him have a rink. Our father gave his consent, and he said that I could have a toboggan slide, and the carpenter, Mr. R., just started to make it yesterday, and has got along very well. I will now have to say good-bye. Would you kindly write down these temperance verses.

(This little girl, who has forgotten to sign her name, has sent us this good old poem.—Cor. Editor.)

SONG OF THE CORN.

I.

I was made to be eaten,
Not to be drank;
To be threshed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

II.

I come as a blessing
When put in a mill—
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

III.

Make me up into loaves
And your children are fed;
If into a drink,
I'll starve them instead.

IV.

In bread I'm a servant—
The eater shall rule;
In drink I'm master—
The drinker a fool.

V.

Remember this warning—
My strength I'll employ;
If eaten, to strengthen;
If drunk, to destroy.

Bay View.

Dear Editor,—As I have noticed both of my letters before in print, it has encouraged me to write another. We all enjoy reading the 'Messenger.' I think that all who read it enjoy it, too. We live in a very nice place. We have a good view of the bay, and the name suits it: We can see the boats passing. The Indians camp near here about every summer. We like to talk to them. The Indian children cannot all talk like we do; but nearly all of the grown-up ones can. We learn a little of their talk, but it seems very hard to learn, as the words are hard to pronounce. They make a camp, and are settled in it, in a very short time. Some of them make very pretty baskets; even the little children can make little plain baskets. I have read a good many books, the last one being 'Beautiful Joe.' I think it is very nice, as it teaches us to be kind to all dumb animals. We play quite a lot of games at our school, among which are: tag, prisoner's base, sheep's home, hide and seek, mother, buy me a milken can, Sally go around the Sun, baseball, and others. Our favorite is sheep's home. I would like to hear some of the games they play at other schools. My favorite studies are: arithmetic, geography, drawing and literature.

MILDRED N.

Green Oak.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years of age. I live on a farm. We have seven cows and two horses. I go to school every day. I am in the sixth grade. I like the 'Messenger' very much. We have to drive about two miles to church. But we have no Sunday-school. I have read two books, 'Little Clara' and 'The Bird's Christmas Carol.' I also read part of 'Little Men.'

BESSIE M. P.

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE
NOT ONE CENT WANTED !
READ THESE LETTERS

Eczema.

Strathroy, Ont.

I have been troubled with Eczema for a good many years, and have during this time taken numerous medicines without receiving benefit. I have used one package of Vitae-Ore, and it has helped me wonderfully. I recommend it to all suffering from this trouble.

H. D. Adams.

Catarrh of the Throat.

Chesterfield, Ont.

Your Vitae-Ore treatment has done wonders for my wife. She has been troubled for years with Catarrh of the Throat, and also a Stomach Trouble, manifested by an accumulation of gas on the stomach after eating. The treatment in her case brought almost instant results, and we both feel jubilant over it.

John Risk.

Excellent Results.

Chatham, N.B.

I have used one package of Vitae-Ore, and have received excellent results therefrom. I can honestly recommend Vitae-Ore from a personal knowledge of its true worth and prompt efficacy in my case, and believe it to be the best medicine on the market in Canada.

Angus J. Kenny.

Rheumatism and Stomach Trouble.

Aylmer, Que.

I have improved every day since I commenced to use Vitae-Ore, and have gained ten pounds in one month's time. I can now sleep fine; feel like a new man. My complaint was Rheumatism and Stomach Trouble.

Thomas Brennan.

Husband and Wife Both Benefited.

Colborne, Ont.

My wife has used Vitae-Ore for four weeks' time for a complication of troubles, and she is in better health at the present time than she has been for five years. I can also testify to its powers in my own case, having used it for Bright's Disease, and it seems almost incredible to believe the benefit I have received during this short time.

J. V. Smith.

Cripple for Seven Years with Rheumatism.

St. Martins, West Quaco, N.B.

I have been troubled with Sciatic Rheumatism for twenty years, so that one of my limbs shrunk until I could span it. I had been a cripple for more than seven years from this disease, making my life a burden. I had tried everything that I could hear of, but all to no avail. I learned of V.-O., used it faithfully, and have not been troubled at all since. V.-O. cured me when all else failed, and I know it will do the same for others.

Thos. H. Bradsher.

Suffered Seven Years—Now Cured.

Lance Au Beaufils, Que.

After suffering for about seven years with Rheumatism my attention was called to Vitae-Ore and as I had tried nearly everything else recommended to me I decided to give it a trial also. The result was far different from other medicines and treatments I have used, as I am now cured of my trouble. Mine has certainly been a hard and obstinate case, which gives Vitae-Ore all the more triumph for having accomplished what all others could not.

Alfred Lensfestey.

Liver, Kidney and Heart Trouble.

Hampton, N.S.

I cheerfully testify to the great good Vitae-Ore has done for me. For a long time I suffered from Liver and Kidney Trouble, complicated by a weakness of the heart, and the use of Vitae-Ore has brought about a great change for the better in my condition. I believe V.-O. to be, without a doubt, the best medicine or treatment I have ever used, and will always strongly recommend it to people I meet who are in ill health, and need a good medicine. Vitae-Ore is a blessing to all mankind.

James A Mitchell.

Second to None.

Linton, N.B.

Vitae-Ore stands second to none as a cure for Rheumatism and Kidney Complaint, and I say this from an actual knowledge of the great good it has accomplished in my own case, a good which all the other remedies I have used failed to bring about. It seems a shame to think that so many other people must go ahead trying and testing manufactured nostrums, and continue to suffer when this great medicine lies ready for their hand if they only knew of it. I shall attempt to do all in my power to get those around me to know of it.

Jas. Biddicombe.

Kidney Trouble Disappeared.

Soda Creek, B.C.

I cannot praise Vitae-Ore too highly. Before using it I was very badly troubled with my kidneys, and had to get up five or six times during the night, but after using only two packages of Vitae-Ore this trouble has entirely disappeared. I would not believe that so much good could result in so short a time if it had not been my own experience. Jacob M. Collins.

Well and Strong.

Hamilton, Ont.

For the past fourteen years I have been a continual sufferer, caused, I believe, by a sunstroke which I received a number of years ago, but I am now thankful to say that I am again well and strong, all from having used Vitae-Ore for three months' time. I am only sorry that I did not hear of it before, as I have spent a great deal in medicine and with different doctors.

Mrs. Chadwick, 51 Stuart st.

Neuralgia, Heart and Nervous Trouble.

Chalk River, Ont.

I can endorse every word you say in praise of Vitae-Ore, and believe that half has not been told about it. It has cured me of Neuralgia, Heart Trouble, Nervousness and Rheumatism, a feat which I and those around me considered impossible. I am now enjoying a condition of health that almost surprises me, and it is all due to Vitae-Ore.

Mrs. M. MacDonald.

Asthma and Hay Fever.

Belle Anse, Que.

Vitae-Ore has done me a great deal of good. I was a sufferer from Asthma and Hay Fever until I began using this treatment, and it was successful where other treatments had failed. I am sure that when Vitae-Ore becomes better known in Canada it will sweep all other remedies before it, and that its name will become a household word.

Miss S. Sweeney.

Rheumatic, Liver and Kidney Trouble.

South River, Ont.

My husband and myself have both used Vitae-Ore with the most beneficial results. My husband was troubled terribly with his Kidneys and Liver, and also had a very bad attack of Rheumatism. Vitae-Ore has done wonders for us both, and we heartily recommend it to all sufferers.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Erven.

NOW READ OUR SPECIAL OFFER
TO EVERY SICK AND AILING PERSON.

WE WILL SEND to every reader who writes us, mentioning 'Northern Messenger,' a full-sized ONE DOLLAR package of VITAE-ORE, by mail, POSTPAID, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs or dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. READ this over again carefully, and understand we ask our pay only WHEN IT HAS DONE YOU GOOD AND NOT BEFORE. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. VITAE-ORE is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance—mineral ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It conutains free iron, free sulphur, and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 300 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh from the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, BLOOD POISONING, HEART TROUBLE, DROPSY, CATARRH AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, LIVER, KIDNEY AND BLADDER AILMENTS, STOMACH AND FEMALE DISORDERS, LA GRIPPE, MALARIAL FEVER, NERVOUS PROSTRATION AND GENERAL DEBILITY, as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. VITAE-ORE has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

VITÆ-ORE will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of the 'Northern Messenger' if you give it a trial. SEND FOR A $1.00 PACKAGE AT OUR RISK You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. If the medicine does not benefit you WRITE US SO AND THERE IS NO HARM DONE. WE WANT NO ONE'S MONEY WHEN VITÆ-ORE CAN NOT BENEFIT. Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try Vitæ-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic obstinate cases. WE MEAN JUST WHAT WE SAY in this announcement, and will do just what we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention the 'Northern Messenger' so that we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

FROM THE EARTH'S VEINS TO YOUR VEINS

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. ADDRESS

THEO. NOEL, Geologist, N. M. Dept., YONGE ST., Toronto.

1904
CARICATURED.

A large number of Cartoons by the brightest wits and truest pens have been collected from the leading publications of both hemispheres, and will be issued by the publishers of 'World Wide' in their mid-December issue. These Cartoons will give a most humorous and effective review of the interesting world-events of this most interesting year.

These Caricatures will be printed on extra good paper with a colored cover, and there will be some sixty pages, about the size of 'Messenger' and 'World Wide.'

Ten Cents a copy, post paid.

'Messenger' subscribers can get these Caricatures for themselves and two friends, free of charge, by remitting $1.00 for a club of three 'Messenger' subscriptions, two of which must be new.

Or these caricatures will be sent to every one sending us a full dollar for a year's subscription to 'World Wide' or to the 'Weekly Witness' before the end of the year.

SUITABLE TO SEND TO DISTANT FRIENDS FOR CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

These offers are good in the following countries: Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs) Newfoundland, Great Britain, United States and its Colonies (excepting Cuba), Transvaal, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Island, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus, New Zealand, Fiji, Jamaica, Malta, Trinidad British Guiana, Gibraltar.

Postal Union Countries, other than the above, postage extra.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

HOUSEHOLD.

Poor Girls.

The poorest girls in the world are those not taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them, and they have been taught to despise labor and to depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn women belong to this class.

Every daughter should learn to earn her own living, the rich as well as the poor. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly around; the rich are likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skill added to labor is no disadvantage to the rich, and is indispensable to the poor. No reform is more imperative than this.

How to Breathe Properly.

Most people breathe properly, often more by accident or instinct than by design, but on the other hand, hundreds of thousands do not breathe properly, while many thousands at this present moment are suffering from more or less severe affections of the lungs, or the throat, owing to a faulty mode of respiration; in other words, because they breathe through the mouth instead of through the nostrils. The mouth has its own functions to perform in connection with eating, drinking and speaking; and the nostrils have theirs, namely, in smelling and breathing.

In summer time the error of respiring through the mouth is not so evident as in the winter, when it is undoubtedly fraught with danger to the person who commits the mistake. If any one breathes through the natural channels, the nostrils, the air, passing over the mucous membrane lining the various chambers of the nose, becomes warmed to the temperature of the body before reaching the lungs; but if he takes the air between the lips and in the mouth, the cold air comes in contact with the delicate lining membrane of the throat and lungs, and gives rise to a chill, frequently ending in inflammation.

Some persons, without knowing the reason why they are benefited, wear respirators over their mouths in winter if they happen to go out of doors. By so doing they diminish the amount of air which enters between the lips, and virtually compel themselves to breathe through the nostrils; but they can attain just the same result by keeping the lips closed, a habit which is easily acquired, and conduces to the proper and natural way of breathing. We believe that if people would only adopt this simple habit, in other words, if they would take for their rule in breathing, 'shut your mouth!' there would be an intense diminution in the two classes of disease, namely, those of the throat and lungs, which count many thousands of victims in this country in the course of a single year.—'Common People.'

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

A Christmas Brownie Hunt.

It is sometimes an advantage to have a change in the method of distributing the Christmas gifts, and those who have never tried it would enjoy a Brownie Hunt, for though the quaint little fellows are no new friends, they are always popular. The following description by E. B., in the Boston 'Congregationalist' will tell you how to manage it.

All the small boys of the family, or of all the families if two or more combine their forces for the festivities, will be delighted to help by representing brownies. Mamma will supply the brownie suit, consisting of a loose, short jacket, filled out artificially to give a square appearance to the upper part of the body, with close-fitting or short trousers of black material to make the legs look as small as possible, and a pointed cap, or if the different nationalities are to be represented, the suitable cap in each case. Where there is a dearth of boys Palmer Cox may be improved upon by impressing the little girls into service, who should be dressed like their brothers, only adding a short, scant skirt. A judicious use of burnt cork will enlarge the eyes to a brownie-like roundness and give a droop to the corners of the mouth.

Sister or auntie will drill the brownies in a fancy march, so that when the long-looked-for day arrives the brownies will enter the room set apart for the hunt to the music of piano or other instrument, in single file, the right hand of each brownie, except the leader, on the shoulder of the one in front. After getting fairly into the room they will take a few steps, obliquely, then stop and pose, looking up into the corner of the ceiling as if hunting for something, then a few steps in another direction and pose again, gazing into another corner. By wheeling, backward and forward, marching and counter-marching, occasionally striking attitudes, a chance is given to see and admire the brownies before the hunt begins.

When the music ceases at the last posture of the little imps, each brownie gives one whirl, claps his hands and then sets to work to hunt for the Christmas gifts which have been hidden in the room in all sorts of places, each article having been wrapped in paper and then plainly labelled with its recipient's name, to whom it is given as soon as found. It requires no little skill to find concealment for numerous packages of various shapes and sizes. But by adjusting screens, curtains, draperies and throws, hiding places may be multiplied beyond one's expectation.

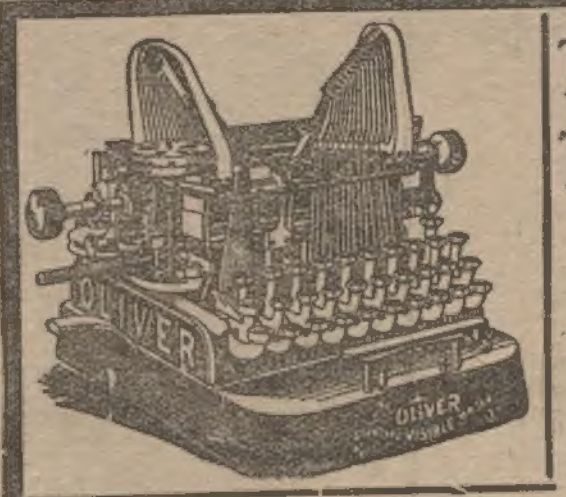
The charm of such an affair consists in keeping it as much of a secret as possible by those who manage it, so that it may be a perfect surprise to the rest of the family and to all the guests.—E. B., in the 'Congregationalist.'

Selected Recipes.

Maple Sugar Cookies.—One cup of sugar, one cup of crushed maple sugar, one cup of butter, two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoons of water, two teaspoons of baking powder, and flour enough to roll out. Do not make too stiff. Bake in a quick oven.

To Prevent Stewing Out.—To make sliced apple pies without stewing out in the baking, wet a thin piece of old cotton cloth or thin cheesecloth, about two inches wide, and long enough to wrap once and a half around the pie. This should be wound around the pie, where the two crusts join. With the customary openings in the top crust, and the pieces of cloth wet in cold water and wrapped around pie, I have never known juice to run out when baking, and have baked many this way.—This also applies to berry pies.—Miss C. B. Morse.

Baked Tapioca Pudding.—Soak a cup and a half of tapioca two hours in a quart of rich milk, put in a double boiler and cook until the tapioca looks clear. Remove from the fire, stir into it two slightly heaped tablespoonfuls of butter and a scant half cup of sugar. When cold, add four eggs, beaten very light, and flavor with vanilla or the rind of a lemon grated and added when the tapioca is cooking. Butter a mould, sprinkle with dried bread crumbs, turn the mixture into it and bake. Turn out on a platter and serve hot with a foaming sauce.—Washington 'Star.'



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THIS BEAUTIFUL
FUR STOLE
Over 6 Feet Long
FREE

Don't Send us One Cent

All we want is your name and address so that we can mail you 24 dozen pieces of our regular 25c sheet Music to sell at only 10c each. It is full size (11 x 14 in.), finely printed on heavy white paper with beautifully colored illustrated covers, and includes such popular titles as "I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You," "The Gondolier," "'Mid the Orange Trees and Blossoms She is Waiting," "Star of the East," "Narcissus," "Old School Chums," "My Old Kentucky Home," etc. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this elegant, fashionable stole that reaches nearly to the knees, made of beautiful imitation Sable Fur, very fine, soft and rich and ornamented with silk cords and large beautiful brush tails, as shown in the picture. These handsome scarfs lead all others for durability and richness, and are positively the most expensive ever given away by any company. Ladies, don't suffer with the cold when you can get such an elegant warm fur for a few minutes' easy work. Don't be envying your neighbors their new furs when you can have the dressiest and most fashionable in your neighborhood in a few days, if you will write us at once. THE ROYAL ACADEMY PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 425, Toronto.

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Lady's or Girl's Size
Will Be GIVEN FREE

To anyone who will sell only 20 pieces of our
SHEET MUSIC

Including the latest popular songs:—"I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You," "Where the Shading Maples Grow," "Star of the East," "Old School Chums," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Narcissus," etc. The words and music are attractively printed on sheets of fine white paper (11 x 14 in.), with beautifully colored illustrated covers. It is regular 25c Sheet Music, and at our introductory price, only 10c, you will find it a wonderfully fast seller.

Send No Money

Simply drop us a card with your name and address, and we will mail the 20 sheets postpaid. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Fur Scarf, made of rich, fluffy, black Coney fur, over 40 inches long, and 6 inches wide, with 6 large full length brush tails, and a handsome neck chain. The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $10.00 Fur Scarf. The only reason we can give them away for so little is because we bought the last of a manufacturer's stock at a greatly reduced price. This is a grand chance for any girl or lady to get a handsome stylish fur for the Winter without spending one cent. Write to-day and be the first in your neighborhood to sell our new music.

Address, The Royal Academy Publishing Co.,
Dept. 465, Toronto.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

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Ten or more separately addressed, 25c each

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Publishers, Montreal.

HIGH SPEED ENGINE
FOR SALE.

A 45 h. p. Laurie High Speed Engine in very good condition, will be sold at a bargain, as she is being displaced by a larger engine.

Cylinder, 9 inches diameter.
Stroke, 15 inches
Revolutions, 250 per minute.
Fly Wheel, 4 ft. 6 in. diameter.
Driving Wheel, 3 ft. diameter, 13 in. face.

Apply to
JOHN DOUGALL & SON. Montreal.

WE TRUST YOU

With sixteen beautiful Turnover Collars to sell for us at only 15c each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little watch with gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. The collars are handsomely made of fine lace and lawn and sell regularly in stores for 25c. At 15c you can sell them all in a few minutes. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the collars postpaid. A Certificate worth 50c, free with each one. **THE HOME ART COMPANY, Dept. 479, Toronto, Ont.**

TOOT! TOOT! TOOT!

Boys! Look Here. A real Steam Engine and Boiler **Free.** Powerful, smooth running, easy to operate. Has safety valve, whistle, steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head connecting rod, and crank shaft with fly wheel attached. A perfect engine, given for selling at 15c each only 8 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, each consisting of a beautiful Gold filigree heart shaped locket enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world. Write us a **Post Card** today and we will send the Lockets postpaid. A Certificate worth 50c given free with each Locket.
HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 462, Toronto.

DON'T SEND US ANY MONEY
This RING and WATCH is FREE

Send to us for 10 pieces of our 25c. S eet Music to sell at only 10c. each. It is full size (11 x 14 inches), finely printed on heavy white paper, with beautifully colored illustrated covers and includes such popular titles as "Old School Chums," "Sing Again That Sweet Refrain," "The Prayer I Learned on Mother's Knee," "My Old Kentucky Home," etc. When sold, return the money and we will promptly send you a beautiful 14c, heavy gold finished Ring set in the famous Tiffany style setting with three large magnificent pink Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds. It is a perfect beauty and can hardly be told from a costly ring even by experts. Write for the music to-day and we will give you an opportunity to get a handsome gold finished hunting-case Watch, elegantly engraved, lady's or gent's size, that looks exactly like a $50.00 solid gold Watch. Address **The Royal Academy Publishing Co.**, Dept 487 **Toronto**

TWIN DOLLS FREE

This lovely pair of **twin sister dolls, Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland,** are the new arrivals from far away dollland, and are real beauties, nearly **one and one-half feet tall.**

Cinderella is the **new wonder blonde doll,** with bisque head, curly hair, lace-trimmed dress, hat, ribbon sash, etc.

Alice in Wonderland is a handsome **brunette beauty doll,** with dark curly ringlets, bisque head, lace-trimmed dress, hat, shoes, stockings, etc., complete.

Girls, would you like to own Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, the pretty twin sister dolls, for a little pleasant work after school hours? If so, write us at once and we will mail to your address, postage paid, **sixteen turnover collars,** handsomely made of fine quality lawn and lace, to sell at **15c each.** They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell at sight. When sold return us the money and we will promptly forward you this handsome pair of twin sister dolls, also a beautiful Opal Ring as an extra present if you write to us at once.

Remember, you will receive the **two dolls,** Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, for disposing of **only sixteen** collars at **15c each.** The Home Art Co., Dept. 488 Toronto.

Alice in Wonderland

Handsome Fur Scarfs FREE to Ladies and Girls

The Latest Style

We will give any girl or lady an elegant full length Fur Scarf, made in the latest style for 1905 by skilled workmen from specially selected skins of fine Black Coney Fur, rich, fluffy, very warm and comfortable with six long full furred tails, and ornamented with a handsome silvered neck chain, for selling only 14 of our handsome Turnover Collars at 15c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. is given free with each one.) These collars represent the latest fashion in neckwear. They are handsomely made of the finest quality lawn and lace, and are fully worth 25c. You can sell them all in a few minutes at only 15c. each. We trust you. Send us your name and address and we will mail the collars postpaid. When sold, return the money, and we will send you a handsome Ladies' or Girls' Fur Scarf just as described. When you see it we know you will say it is one of the handsomest furs you have ever seen. The only reason we can give such an expensive fur is that we had a large number made up specially for us at a reduced price in the summer, when the furriers were not busy. This is a grand chance to get a beautiful warm fur for the winter without spending one cent. Write at once and we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Muff FREE, as an extra present. Address, **THE HOME ART CO., DEPT. 489 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

Don't Send Us One Cent
This WATCH and RING is Free

We Trust You

Ladies and Girls

Send to us for 2 dozen pieces of our 25c. Sheet Music to sell at only 10c. each. It is full size (11 x 14 in.), finely printed on heavy white paper, with beautifully colored illustrated covers, and includes such popular titles as "Which Way Did the Angels Go?" "I'm Wearing My Heart for You," "The Organist's Last Amen," "Star of the East," etc., etc. It sells like hot cakes. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful little Watch with Solid Silver Nickel case highly polished, the back elegantly enamelled in colors, fancy porcelain dial, daintily figures, Gold hands, and a reliable imported movement, also a beautiful Gold-finished Ring set with large Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds if you write for the music to-day. Address **THE ROYAL ACADEMY PUBLISHING CO., DEPT. 496 TORONTO**

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 7 of our Turnover Collars made of beautiful Lace and fine Lawn, worth 25c., at 15c each. They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell like hot cakes. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Collars we will give you an opportunity to get, an elegant Gold-finished Gentle Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size free in addition to the Ring. Address at once The Home Art Co., Dept. 491 Toronto

BOY'S WATCH FREE

We will give this handsome watch free to any boy for selling only 1½ dozen of our new one-piece King Collar Buttons at 10c. each. A certificate worth 50c. given free with each one. The watch has a beautiful solid silver nickel case, handsomely polished, a hard enamelled dial, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will last ten years. The Collar Buttons are the best made, heavily gold plated and burnished so that they wear like solid gold. They sell so fast that the factory are now making one million every day. Write for the Collar Buttons today. The Canadian Premium Syndicate Dept. 435, Toronto.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

THE BABY'S OWN